



HOG
HEAVEN
A SHORT STORY

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(image)

Rutherford McQuoib

SMART PEOPLE BOOKS PUBLISHING

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« You never let a serious crisis go to waste. And what I mean by that it's an opportunity to do things you think you could not do before. »

Rahm Emanuel

HOG HEAVEN

"Do you know what my favorite part of the game is? The opportunity to play." ~ Mike Singletary

Rutherford McQuib was in hog heaven.

It had seemed like any other day. One minute he was scrubbing the toilets at Grantland Community College, a liberal arts school in New Market Virginia, and the next he found himself in a very highly unusual situation.

He had admired her and her form from a distance for many years. Clementine Troy was one of the tenured professors at the college. He thought she was a highly sexy woman of fine construction.

"Someday," he thought, "I am going to have sexual intercourse with that woman."

But deep down he knew that was an improbability, for janitors like Rutherford really got to knock boots with a woman of that stature.

Or so he thought...

On that highly unusual day while Rutherford was scrubbing the toilets in the men's room, the door open behind him.

"Hi there," a woman soft voice spoke. It was Clementine Troy and she was wearing a dress.

"Well hello Clementine Troy. "What are you doing here in the men's room."

"I am here to see you Rutherford" she said putting her hand on the sink.

"How do you even know my name? We have never even spoken before," said Rutherford, a wry smirk crossing his face like a hurricane ripping across the Omaha prairie.

"Oh I know who you are Rutherford. I have seen you watching me in the hallway for the past several years."

Clementine scratched her ear for three seconds and then continued.

"You have a way about you Rutherford. You're lacking in the narcissism that is so prevalent in young people nowadays."

Rutherford was shocked by her honesty. It took 100 milliseconds for him to speak to her and reply.

"I have found that others are besotted with the music of their own voices. I prefer to listen to the songs of other people speaking."

She giggled like a happy schoolgirl.

"Oh Rutherford – your eloquence is both a surprise but very welcome."

It was his turn to let out a giggle moments before he replied to her.

"My career as a janitor affords me much time to think up smart things to say to people when they visit me here in the men's room."

She leaned in closer, closing the physical void between them.

"And how is it that a man of your obvious intelligence and wit find himself cleaning up after barbaric children in a community college?"

Rutherford leaned his mop against the toilet and formulated his response mentally.

"I find work of all kinds equally rewarding. Whether I am mopping up urine off of the floor or solving equations on the math board I am equally happy."

Let me pause this tale for a moment so that I may aptly describe what Clementine Troy looked like. She was tall and Caucasian. Probably 22 years old or around that age range. She had blonde hair, she was wearing a dress, and black boots that flattered her long shapely legs. All in all she was one sexy package of a woman.

"Your words delight me in a way that those of my stuffy fellow professor colleagues do not," she cried, setting down her brown leather satchel of paperwork.

He was quite pleased by her declaration of delight.

"So if you don't mind me asking Mrs. Troy- what brings you into the men's room where I am working?"

Clementine pulled a banana out of her satchel and started peeling it.

"I am not married Mr. McQuoib nor have I ever been. It is Miss."

Rutherford felt ashamed of his faux pas as his face reddened with fierce embarrassment.

"It was hideous of me to make such an assumption," he stammered. "I would assume that a woman of such obvious physical attractiveness would be married."

She smiled warmly at his.

"An easy mistake to make," she said, gently taking a bite of the long yellow fruit. "I am quite charmed by your manners and desire to be polite in all matters to which you attend. It's a lost art if you ask me."

It was his turn to smile warmly at her.

"I find that some of the most meaningful arts of conversational exchange are those that are grounded in the poetry of fine manners."

With that she finished her snack, threw the banana peel in the sink, and clapped her hands with much glee.

"I have made up my mind at this very moment Rutherford."

"And to what decision have you come to?"

She tapped her right boot on the floor and looked him straight in the right eye.

"I would very much like to have sexual intercourse with you right now Rutherford McQuoib."

Rutherford was quite stunned by her carnal brazenness. He had wooed and bedded many attractive women over the years as a community college janitor is wont to do, but she had taken things to an entirely new level.

"Okay," he gulped. He removed his Montreal Sharks base-ball cap and scratched his sweated tow headed hair.

"Specifically," she said, allowing one of her dress straps to fall from her shoulder. "I would like to orally pleasure you in one of those bathroom stalls."

Rutherford clasped his hands together and frowned.

"While I am not immune to the pleasures of oral stimulation, I much prefer vaginal intercourse for it allows both parties to equally harvest the fruits of sexual pleasure," he said, hoping to Ra that she would not be offended by his declining of her initial offer.

But instead of being offended, Clementine beamed brightly from ear to ear like she had just won the lottery or a Christmas ham from a chain supermarket.

“What a courtly gesture Rutherford. Too many men would settle for the clinical pleasures of- pardon my French- the blow job. But you... you... have chosen to take my pleasure into consideration, and that my friends makes me feel very turned on.”

“You’re welcome Miss Troy.”

She held up her hand.

“Call me Clem. Miss Troy is for my students and healthcare professional.”

“Sure thing Clem,” he said, her informal nickname oddly alien to his parched lips.

She picked up her satchel and moved towards him.

“Shall we commence having vaginal intercourse in the bathroom stall now, Rutherford.”

“I don’t see any reason why we should not,” he replied, motioning down the row of stalls to the end. “I would prefer if we use that stall over there as I have already cleaned it.”

She laughed and started moving towards the stall he identified.

“Then we shall make that end stall our boudoir of passion until the deed is complete,” she said, her blond hair looking silky and lovely.

Rutherford joined her in the clean bathroom stall and closed the door behind him.

“I have a question for you Clem. Would it not be awkward if students were to enter the bathroom to urinate or wash their hands and they were to notice us copulating in the stall.”

She smiled as she pulled off her dress, exposing two perfectly shaped boobies, a flat tummy, and a flawlessly manicured hoo hoo.

"Is not the danger of discovery an enticement to greater levels of pleasure Rutherford?"

"I prefer an element of danger," he exclaimed as he struggled to remove his trousers for his erect weiner was making matters quite difficult.

Clementine was now standing before him fully naked, save for her boots. He was glad that she did not remove her footwear for he did not want their lovemaking to be marred by his concern for her bare feet touching the cold and somewhat unsanitary bathroom carpet.

He finally removed his pants and underwear and then he grasped her face with both hands to kiss her.

"No no Rutherford," she cried. "Kissing is something we save for the third date."

"An enlightened view," he moaned as he clasped her to him.

"Oh Rutherford- fill me with so much of your many sperm that I will have to put wads of toilet paper in my panties for the next week," she shrieked softly, grabbing his diamond hard pee pee with her left hand. "Now let us cease all conversation and start our sexual encounter right now!"

With that, they stopped talking and started lovemaking.

Rutherford had been with many women in his 62 years of living. Women of many races and ages and cultures. He had been with black women, Asians, Chicanos, Alaskans, and quite a few ladies of unknown racial heritage, but as far as he could recall, this was his first blonde. Then again, he had lost track of how many women he had bedded.

Regardless, he quickly discovered that blond women were quite skilled at the erotic arts and in that tiny men's room he became a painter and she was the blank canvas on which he was fashioning a sexual

masterpiece.

They made love for nearly an hour. Despite the small space of the stall, Rutherford was able to execute a generous variety of sexual positions culled from "The Joy of Sex," "The Karma Sutra," and a few new moves culled from his own private, unpublished playbook.

He waited to ejaculate until she had reached climax 15 times and then with a feral grunt, he allowed his hot, spicy jism to go free inside of her.

"That was glorious Rutherford," she panted, for she was overwhelmed by his generosity and skill.

"You have inspired me deeply, Clem. You are my greatest muse and I mean that entirely."

She put her dress back on after stuffing a huge wad of single ply toilet paper in her underwear.

"So... maybe we can go out next week Rutherford? My treat."

"Sounds good Clem. What shall we do?"

"Maybe bowling and crispy tacos, then we can watch the foot-ball match at my house and more lovemaking afterwards?"

"It's a date Clem!"

She opened the stall door to the still oddly unpopulated mens room then turned to Rutherford and smiled a sexy little smile.

"Oh yeah- even though it will only be our second date, you will be allowed to kiss me. Scout's honour."

He finished zipping up his pants and stepped out of the stall.

"Consider it done. Goodbye Clem."

"Goodbye my sweet Rutherford. Until we meet again next week."

And with that she exited the men's room. The only reminder of her

presence being the banana peel in the sink and smell of her perfume (probably Jovan Musk) that still lingered in the air.

Rutherford picked up his mop again and resumed his work, whistling a jaunty version of Shostakovich's Symphony 5 in g-minor as he mentally mocked up some lovemaking techniques for their future encounter.

The End

COMING SOON FROM THE PEN OF
RUTHERFORD MCQUOIB

WETLANDS

AN EPIC POEM OF CONQUEST AND LOVE

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank my dead Mother, Esmerelda who died when I was 22 year old, which was many years ago. Without her hectoring and occasional use of a horsewhip when I was being saucy, I would not be able to publish this story today. I love you mum. Still.

About the Author

Rutherford McQuoib is an author, a stamp collector, a pugilist, a lover of fine charcuterie, and the kind of person who likes to make strangers smile on the street, even if he doesn't know them.

Rutherford lives in New Market, Virginia with a woman and a dog.